



FEATURE COMICS

JUNE
No. 123

The
DOLL MAN
and the
UNDERTAKER
battle for a
MILLION DOLLAR
CORPSE!

10¢



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY

SM
6

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

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THE DOLL MAN

HOSPITAL
MORGUE



Scientists assure us that the chemical value of a man's body is slightly less than thirty-one dollars! But this corpse was worth a million... in cold cash! Naturally, the **UNDERTAKER**, specialist in things dead, was interested! And so was the **DOLL MAN**, mighty mite of crime-busting, who was curious to know how any man could become **A MILLION DOLLAR CORPSE!**

FEATURE COMICS

WHAT'S THE
MEANING OF
THIS?

"BY MARTHA
ROBERTS--YOU'RE A
NEWSPAPER-
WOMAN! WHY
DIDN'T YOU TELL
ME?"

BECAUSE I
WASN'T SURE
I'D MAKE
GOOD, DAD!"

NOW I'VE GOT
MY FIRST BY-LINE,
AND I **LOVE** MY
NEW JOB! YOU
WANT ME TO BE
HAPPY, DON'T YOU?

WHY, I...
ER--THAT
IS...



OF COURSE I WANT YOU
TO BE HAPPY! BUT YOU
MIGHT HAVE TOLD ME YOU
WERE WORKING ON A
NEWSPAPER!

I DIDN'T EVEN
TELL DARREL--
AND HE'S MY
FIANCÉ!

YOU APPROVE,
DON'T YOU?

I'M NOT SURE THIS IS THE
RIGHT JOB FOR YOU, MARTHA!
YOU ALWAYS WERE PRETTY
SQUEAMISH, AND REPORT-
ERS HAVE TO WITNESS
A GREAT MANY
UNPLEASANT
THINGS!



YOU THINK I'M
JUST A WEAK
WOMAN--THAT I
CAN'T DO A MAN'S
JOB? WELL, YOU'RE
WRONG!

I DIDN'T MEAN THAT
AT ALL! I JUST
MEANT--UH--ER--

I GIVE UP! YOU
KNOW I'D APPROVE
OF ANYTHING
YOU DO!

GOOD! THEN
I'VE A FAVOR
TO ASK OF
YOU!



I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MY HAIRDRESSER! PICK ME UP IN THE CAR AFTERWARDS AND DRIVE ME OVER TO SEE THE KHAN'S DIAMOND! I'M COVERING THE DISPLAY AT THE INDIO MUSEUM...

HMM! I CAN SEE THAT BEING A NEWS-PAPERWOMAN ISN'T GOING TO INTERFERE WITH YOUR USUAL ROUTINE!

Meanwhile...

THE COAST IS CLEAR, UNDERTAKER!

GOOD!



AHHH---NOTHING IN THE WORLD IS SO QUIET AND PEACEFUL AS A GRAVEYARD! THE DEAD ARE SUCH UNOBTRUSIVE COMPANY!

IT MAKES A SWELL HIDEOUT!

YOU'RE ENTIRELY CORRECT! I WOULD NEVER LEAVE IT, IF FATE DIDN'T TEMPT ME! BUT YOU KNOW MY FONDNESS FOR DEAD THINGS!

HOW CAN I FORGET IT?

ALL THE TIME SOMETHING NEW! DEAD CATS AND DOGS! WITHERED FLOWERS! SOMETIMES YOU GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

THIS TIME, MY FRIEND, IT IS A DEAD MAN'S STONE!

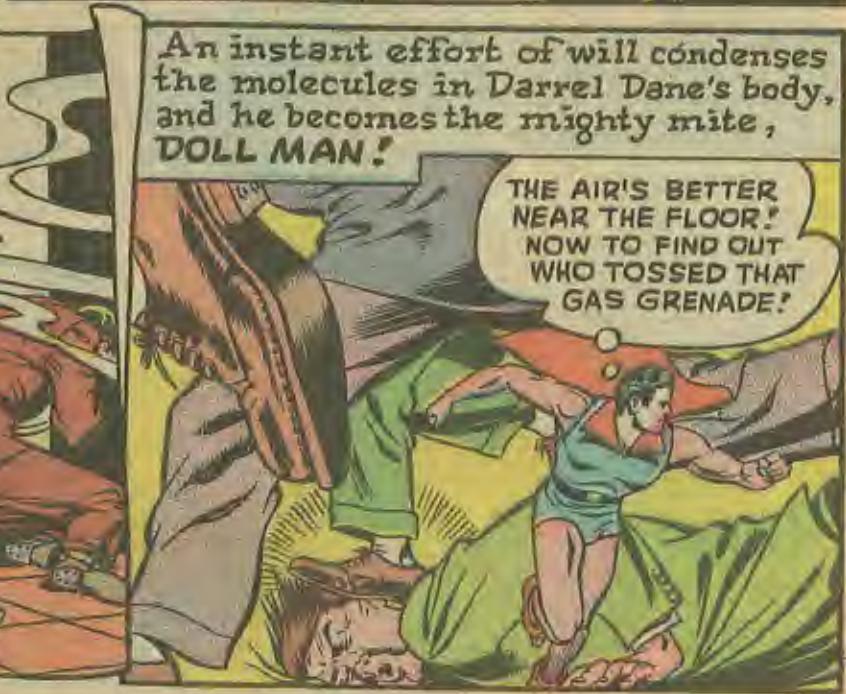


TO BE EXACT, IT IS A DIAMOND WORTH ONE MILLION DOLLARS! IT BELONGED TO THE LATE, FABULOUSLY WEALTHY KHAN! SOON IT SHALL BELONG TO ME!

A MILLION BUCKS! GOLLY!

Later, at the Indio Museum....





OR DO YOU PREFER
MY OWN BRAND OF
SLEEPING POTION?

UGHH!

SHOOT
HIM
DOWN!

I'M TRYING
MY BEST!

BANG!
BANG!

CAN'T STAY HERE!
CHOKE? OR.. I'LL
FALL... VICTIM.. TO
MY OWN GAS!

DROP THAT
YAWWNN
GUN! OR
I'LL...

THE GAS FINALLY
KAYOED THE DOLL
MAN! WHAT A BREAK!
ONE SHOT WILL FINISH
HIM FOR GOOD!

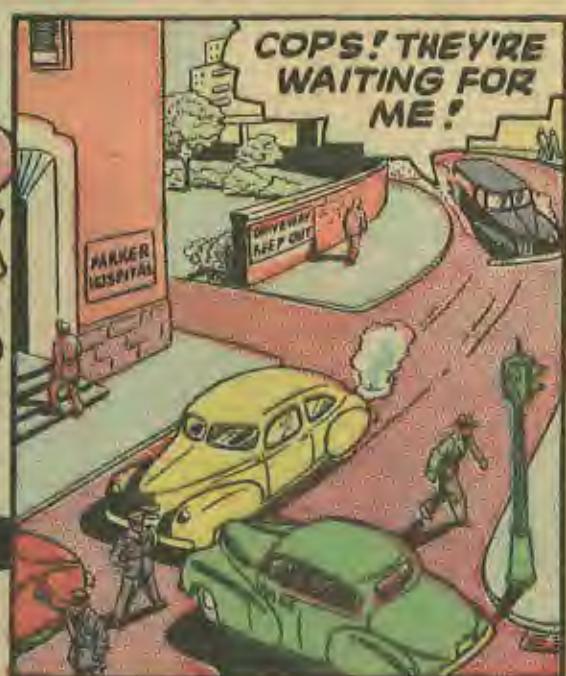
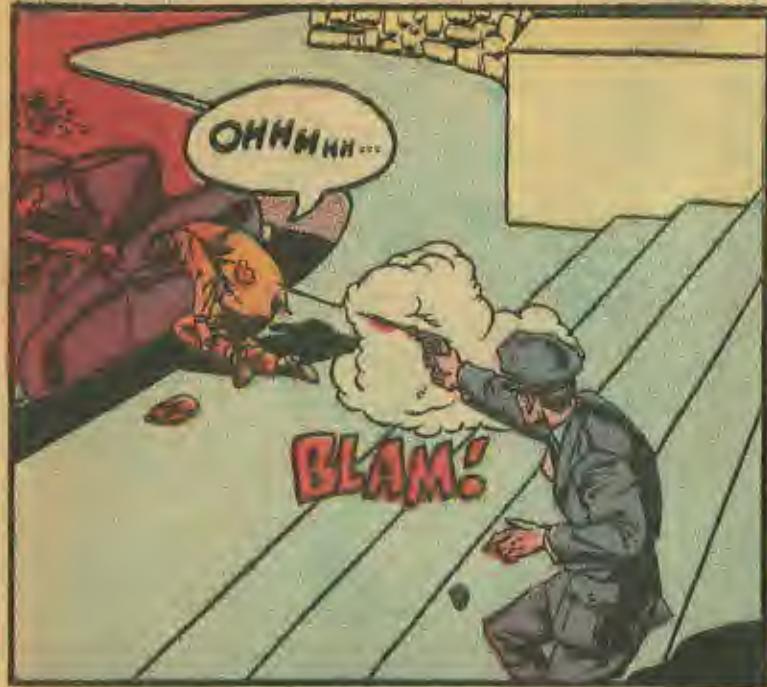
THE ALARM! I'VE
GOTTA GET OUT OF
HERE....

WAIT FOR ME,
UNDERTAKER!

HALT!

WEEE-EE!

INDIO
MUSEUM



THIS GIVES ME A BRILLIANT IDEA! I MUSTN'T BE CAUGHT WITH THE KHAN'S DIAMOND IN MY POSSESSION! BUT NO ONE WILL SUSPECT A DEAD MAN!

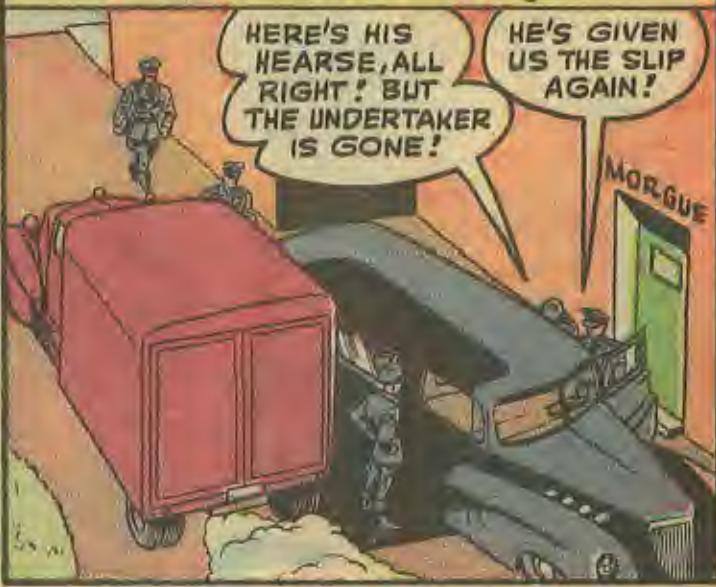
MORGUE



A DEAD MAN FOR AN ACCOMPLICE! AND NOW AN EMPTY COFFIN FOR MY GETAWAY! WHAT DEVICES COULD BE MORE SUITABLE FOR THE **UNDERTAKER**?



And as the coffin-loaded truck bears the **UNDERTAKER** to safety....



Meanwhile, at the Indio Museum...

I...I FEEL DIZZY! WHAT HAPPENED?

JUST THE BIGGEST STORY OF THE

YEAR! THE UNDERTAKER'S ESCAPED WITH A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DIAMOND!



WONDERFUL! WHAT A SCOOP THIS WILL BE FOR MY PAPER!



I SUPPOSE A NEWS-PAPERWOMAN DOES HAVE A TWISTED SENSE OF VALUES! IMAGINE THINKING A ROBBERY IS WONDERFUL!

EXTRA Daily Bulletin FINAL
UNDERTAKER BREAKS INTO HOSPITAL MORGUE!

NOCTURNAL VISITOR LEAVES AFTER SEARCHING CORPSES



YOU SAY THIS MYSTERIOUS VISITOR PULLED OUT ALL THE MORGUE SLABS? DO YOU THINK HE WAS LOOKING FOR SOMEONE?

ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOMEBODY JIMMIED THE LOCK AND BROKE INTO THE MORGUE, MISS? I DUNNO WHAT HE WAS AFTER?

WE NEVER HAD SO MUCH EXCITEMENT! WHY, IT WAS JUST YESTERDAY THAT THAT CRIMINAL FELLER, THE UNDERTAKER, ALMOST GOT HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THIS VERY DRIVEWAY!



WELL, I CERTAINLY DIDN'T GET MUCH NEWS FROM THE MORGUE ATTENDANT! HE HAS NO IDEA WHO THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER WAS WHO BROKE INTO THE MORGUE!

BUT MAYBE I HAVE! ANYWAY, I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S WORTH A LITTLE OF THE DOLL MAN'S TIME...

Later, Darrel Dane becomes the DOLL MAN and returns to the hospital....

WHY, YES, DOLL MAN! THERE WAS AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY FOUND IN THE MORGUE ON THE NIGHT YOU MENTION! AT LEAST, THE AMBULANCE DRIVER DIDN'T RECALL HAVING BROUGHT IT IN!



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE...UH... DEAD MAN?

NO MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION WERE FOUND! HE HAD BEEN SHOT TWICE WITH A WEBLEY .38 REVOLVER! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW ABOUT HIM!

A WEBLEY .38 IS A POLICE REVOLVER! AND THE POLICE REPORTED BLOODSTAINS IN THE SEAT OF THAT HEARSE THE UNDERTAKER ABANDONED IN THE HOSPITAL DRIVEWAY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER! THE DEAD MAN WAS THE UNDERTAKER'S HENCHMAN! HE WAS LEFT HERE WHEN THE UNDERTAKER ESCAPED...



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AND THE UNDERTAKER LEFT THE DIAMOND WITH HIM, OR HE WOULD NEVER HAVE COME BACK TO THE MORGUE!



THE DIAMOND MUST BE HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE DEAD MAN'S CLOTHES! THAT'S ONE DETAIL THE UNDERTAKER OVERLOOKED! WHEN THE CORPSE WAS FOUND, ALL OF HIS PERSONAL EFFECTS WERE NATURALLY REMOVED...



SO THE DIAMOND MUST STILL BE HIDDEN IN HIS CLOTHES... TOO CLEVERLY FOR THE PROPERTY CLERK TO HAVE SPOTTED IT WHILE LOOKING FOR MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION!



I WAS RIGHT! THIS SUIT HAS SOMETHING STUCK IN THE LINING OF IT'S SLEEVE!



AND HERE IS THE KHAN'S DIAMOND!



BUT, YOU SEE, I JUST REMEMBERED MORGUE PROCEDURE ON CLOTHES MYSELF!

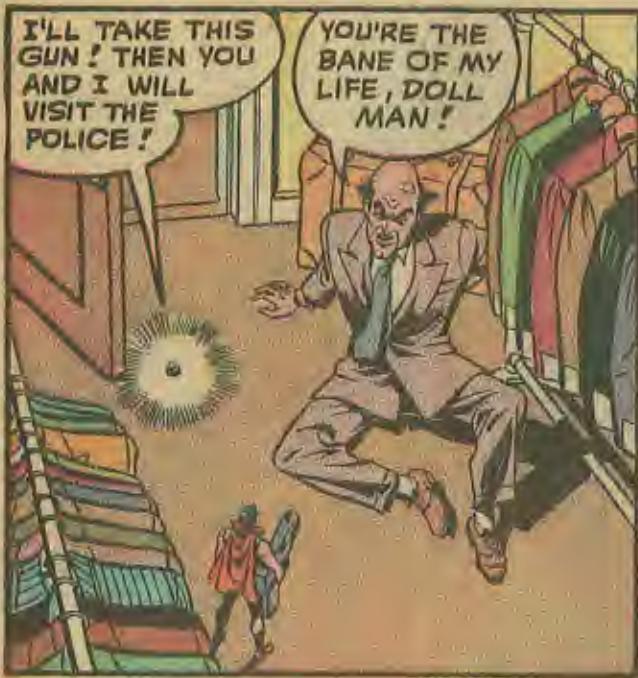


I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU SO SOON...

BUT YOU'RE WELCOME JUST THE SAME!



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Later, in Dr. Roberts' home...

YOU WROTE A GOOD STORY ON THE UNDERTAKER'S CAPTURE, MARTHA! GUESS YOU'RE NOT AS SQUEAMISH AS I THOUGHT! ALL THIS MENTION OF DEAD MEN AND MORGUES DIDN'T UPSET YOU!



I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THE MERE MENTION OF BLOOD MADE YOU FAINT!



OHHHHHH SHE DID Faint! I GUESS I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN!



BUTCH, RUN OVER
TO THAT FARM AND
GET ME A JUG
O'CIDER! I'M
BURNIN' UP!

BIG TOP

OKAY, BOSS...AS
SOON AS I
CHANGE?

GET GOING NOW!
THEY WON'T MIND
YOUR COSTUME!

OKAY!
OKAY!
OKAY!



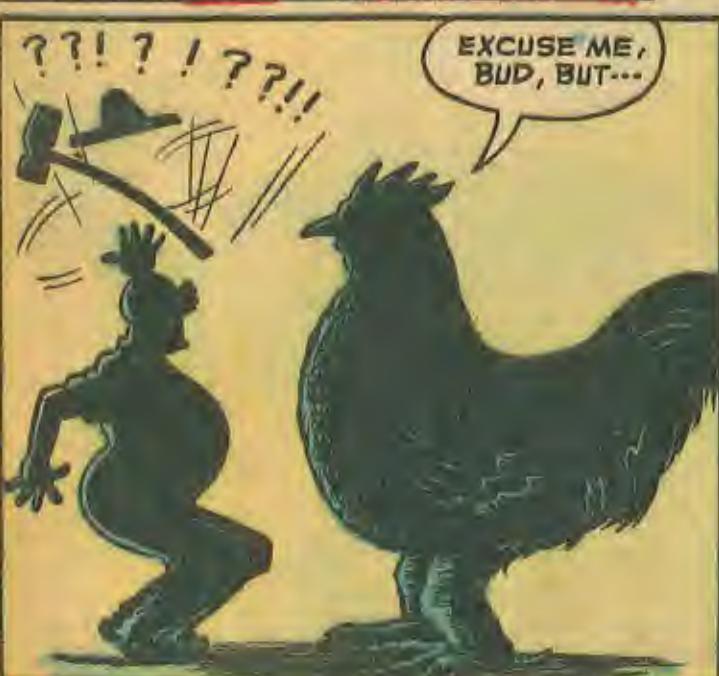
Meanwhile, over at
Jonest's farm....

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING IN THAT CIDER
BARREL? I THOUGHT I
TOLD YOU TO GO KILL
A PULLET FOR
SUPPER?

JUST
ABOUT
TO, BOSS,
JUST
ABOUT
TO!

A FINE HIRED MAN
YOU ARE...THAT
PULLET WILL GROW
UP TO **MAN**
SIZE BY THE
TIME YOU GET
TO HIM!

HO-HO! A MAN-
SIZED CHICKEN...
JEST IMAGINE!



LOOK, BOSS...
AND I GET 2¢
FOR EVERY ONE
HE SELLS!

WELL,
I'LL BE...

BIG TOP

GETCHA BUTCH
BALLOONS...

25¢

WELL, YOU AIN'T A
RICH BALLOON
TYCOON YET, SO
GO FETCH ME MY
LUNCH FROM THE
COMMISSARY!

HMMPH...
BUT MAYBE
I WON'T HAVE
TO BE YOUR
ERRAND
BOY SO
VERY LONG!

HMMPH---THAT FAT BUM
IS ACTING PRETTY
UPPITY OVER THIS
SILLY BALLOON
BUSINESS!

Meanwhile...

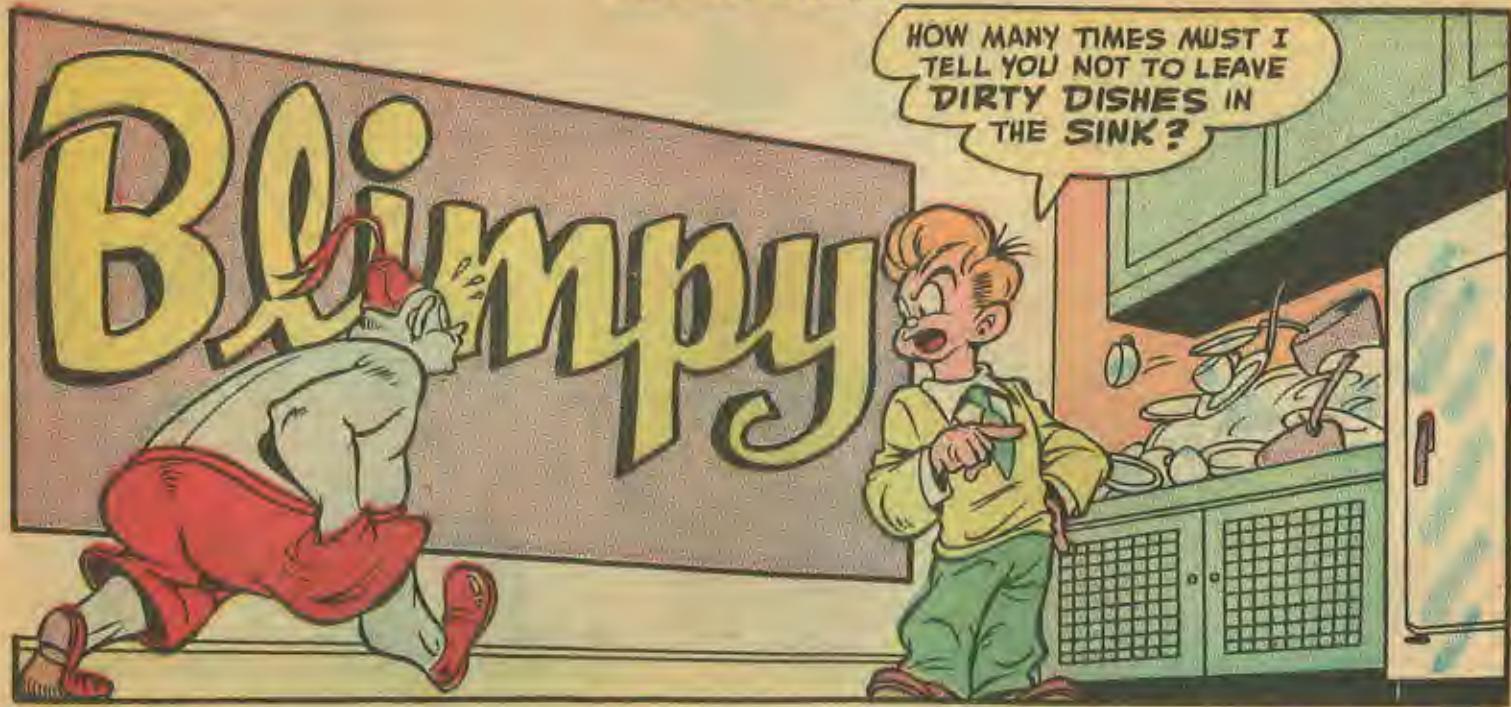
MAYBE I'D BETTER
TAKE HIM DOWN A
PEG!

YOUR LUNCH,
BOSS!
WELL,
DON'T JUST
STAND THERE!
GIVE IT TO
ME!

OH
BOY!
A
BIG
ONE
TO
BUST!

EEE YAWP!
OW!

EEE YAWP!

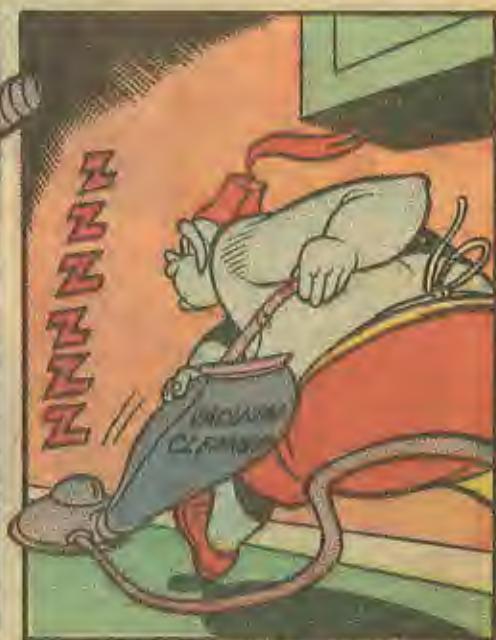


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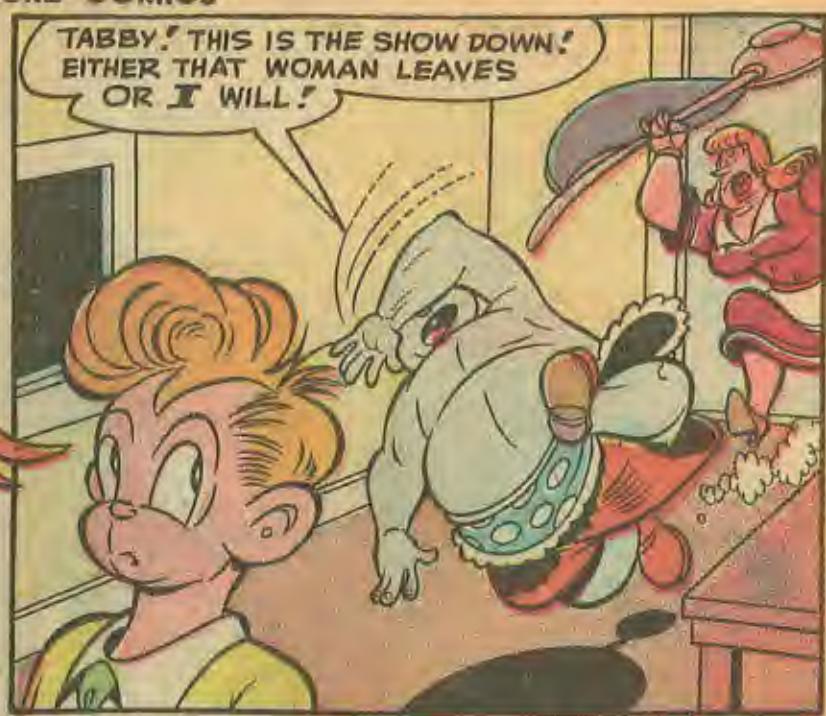


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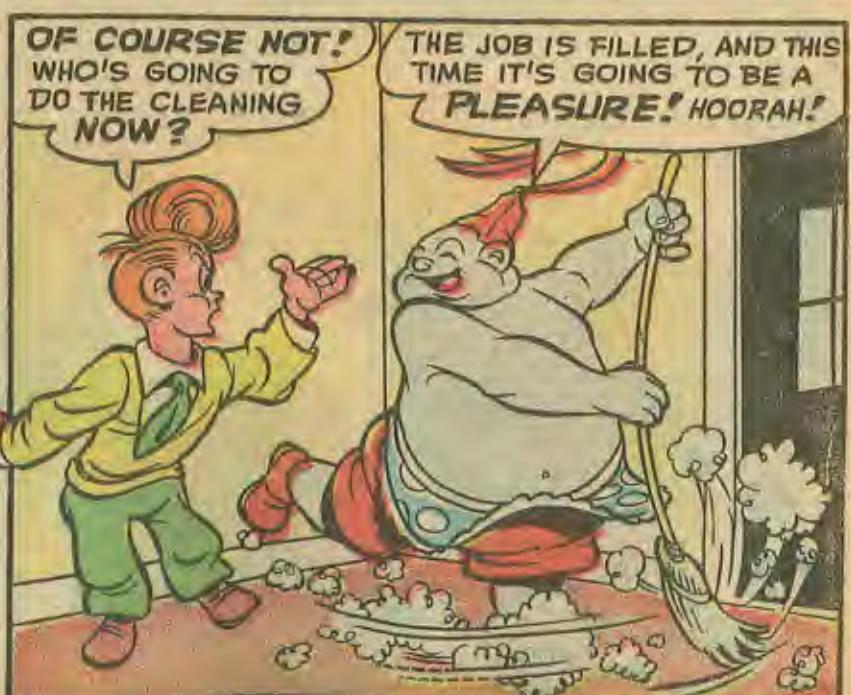




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OF COURSE NOT!
WHO'S GOING TO
DO THE CLEANING
NOW?



SWING SISSON



FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



I THINK IT'S LOVELY YOU'VE JOINED THAT BIRD WATCHER'S CLUB, VINCENT!

WELL, AT LEAST IT OUGHTA KEEP ME OUT OF JAIL!

I JUST STROLL AROUND, MAKING NOTES OF ANY UNUSUAL BIRDS I SEE IN THIS LOCALITY!

GOOD!

YOU THINK HE'LL STICK AT IT, LALA?

YES! THE JUDGE TOLD HIM IF HE HAD ANY MORE COMPLAINTS FROM THE NEIGHBORS ABOUT VINCENT CALLING THEM NAMES, HE'D TOSS HIM RIGHT IN JAIL!

I FIGURED A NICE, SAFE HOBBY WOULD BE JUST THE THING TO TAKE VINCE'S MIND OFF THE NEIGHBORS!

HMM! NOTHIN' BUT ROBINS AND A FEW SILLY SPARRERS, SO FAR?

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT?

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!

LOOK! A YELLOW-BELLIED SAPSUCKER!

SO! I AM, AM I? WELL, THAT DOES IT!

I'LL CALL THE POLICE, HENRY!

YA CAN'T WIN, THAT'S ALL... YA CAN'T WIN!



WELL, HE LOOKS PRETTY SILLY TO ME---ARE YOU SURE HE'S A GOOD WATCH DOG?

THE MAN I BOUGHT HIM FROM SAID HE'LL LITERALLY TEAR BURGLARS TO SHREDS!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, BECAUSE WE'LL BE OUT VERY LATE AND THERE'S BEEN A BIG BURGLAR SCARE AROUND HERE LATELY!

OL' DRACULA EATS BURGLARS ALIVE -- BONES AND ALL!

Later...

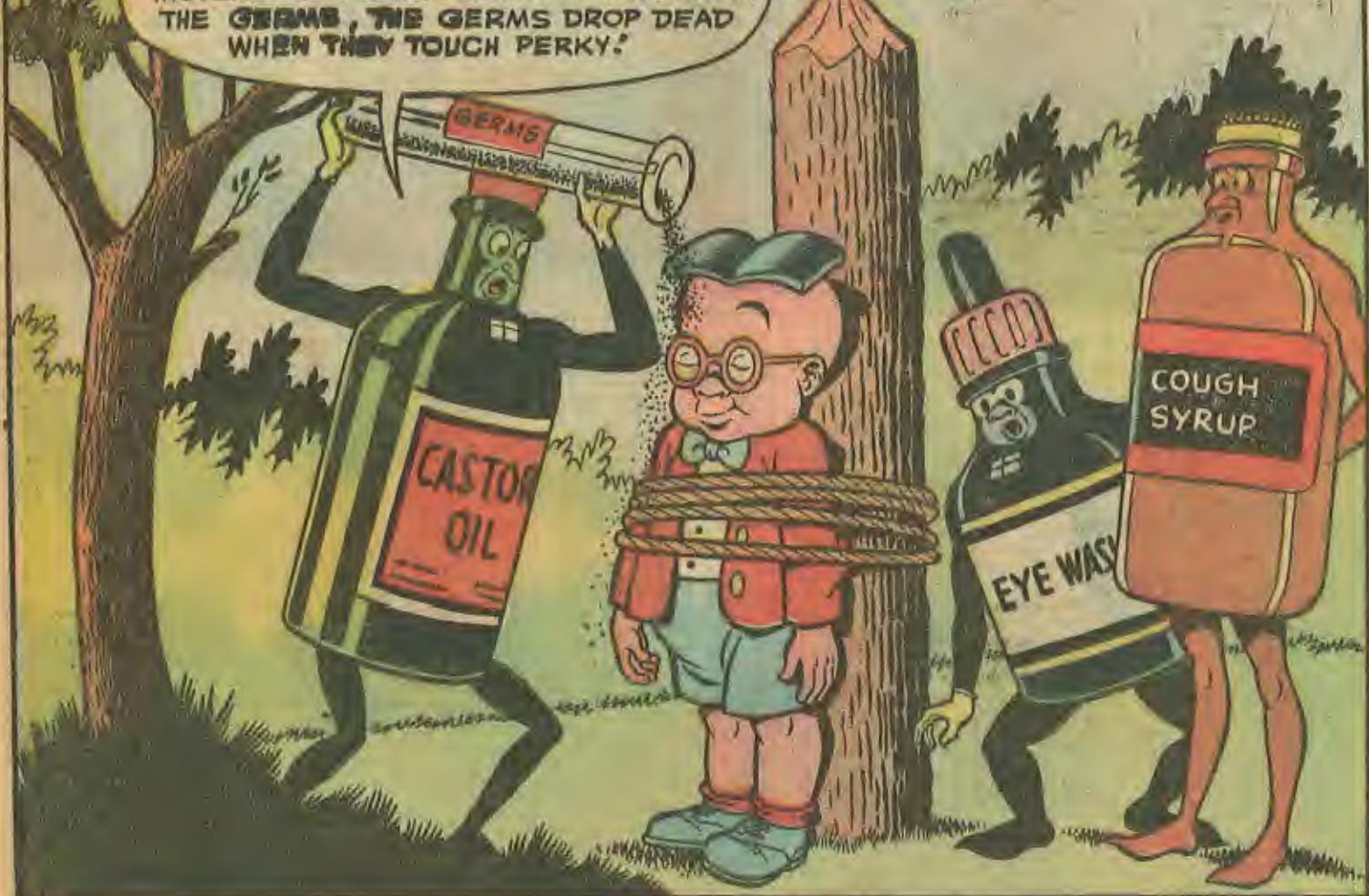
COAST CLEAR, JAKE?

'YUP... EXCEPT FOR A POOCH SNORIN' LIKE CRAZY!



Perky

THIS IS REVOLUTIONARY! ASTOUNDING!
INSTEAD OF PERKY GETTING SICK FROM
THE GERMS, THE GERMS DROP DEAD
WHEN THEY TOUCH PERKY!



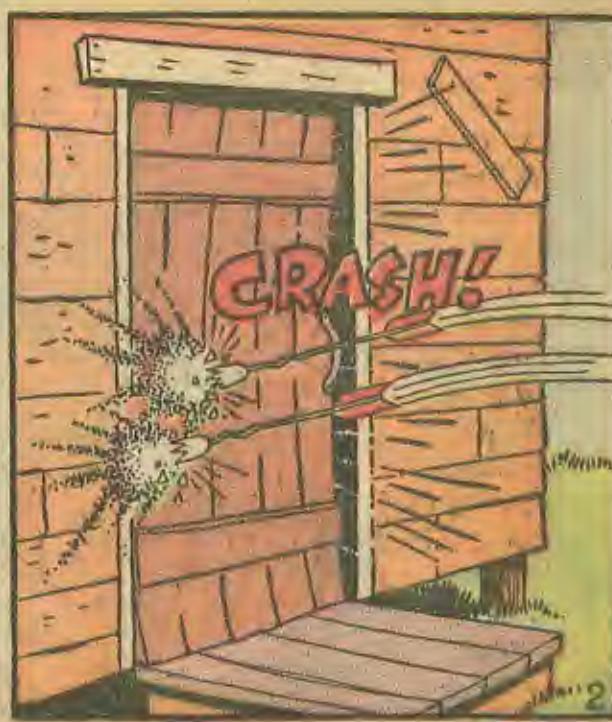
Ever since PERKY stepped into the amateur magician's vanishing box and really vanished, he's been flying around to fantastic worlds! This time, it's MEDICINE ISLE!



NOW HERE'S THE PLAN --- WE ATTACK THE HERMIT'S SHACK WITH THESE GLASS GERM ARROWS --- HE'LL GET SICK AND WE'LL CURE HIM!

HMM ... THE NATIVES OF THIS ISLAND ARE UP TO NO GOOD!

I'LL TRY TO RACE ACROSS THE CLEARING TO HIS SHACK AND WARN THE OLD MAN!



LOOK, MR. HERMIT---YOU BETTER GET OUT OF HERE! THE MEDICINES ARE ABOUT TO ATTACK YOU WITH GERM ARROWS!

SO MY GOOD HEALTH HAS FINALLY MADE THEM DESPERATE, EH?



WE'LL TAKE ALONG MY FAITHFUL SERVANT, ANTISEPTIC, AND TRY TO ESCAPE ACROSS ZINC-ointment SWAMP!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA THIS MOLDY OLD BREAD WILL COME IN HANDY!



PUFF: STAY ON THE HIGH SPOTS AND YOU WON'T GET STUCK! PUFF!

THE MEDICINE TRIBE IS GETTING CLOSER!



WE'RE STUCK, MR. HERMIT! THE MEDICINES WILL BE ALONG ANY MINUTE! DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS! JUST EAT THIS OLD BREAD!



AH-HA! SO OUR TWO FUGITIVES ARE TRAPPED! HEY! MR. GAUZE! STOP BEING SO WRAPPED UP IN YOURSELF, AND GET THEM OUT OF THERE!



RIGHT, BOSS!

TOO BAD I DIDN'T BRING ALONG SOME NICE HOLES IN THE HEAD FOR YOU BOYS ---- THEN I COULD HAVE BANDAGED YOU UP, TOO!



NOW LET ME INTRODUCE MY COMRADES! FIRST, MR. ADHESIVE TAPE --- HE'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR A STICK-UP, AND HE'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE PROPERLY DETAINED!



NEXT, MR. BORIC ACID! HE'S A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! THIS IS MR. MORPHINE --- WE DON'T BOTHER WITH HIM! HE'S A DOPE!



THIS IS MR. ASPIRIN! HE ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET AHEAD! HERE IS MR. VASELINE! NOBODY GETS SORE WHEN HE'S AROUND!



AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, WE HAVE MISS ETHER! SHE'S A KNOCKOUT! OKAY, BOYS! NOW FOR SOME TARGET PRACTICE! BRING ME SOME GERM ARROWS!



WE'LL START WITH WHOOPING COUGH FIRST, AND
TODAY WORK ON FROM THERE! ,

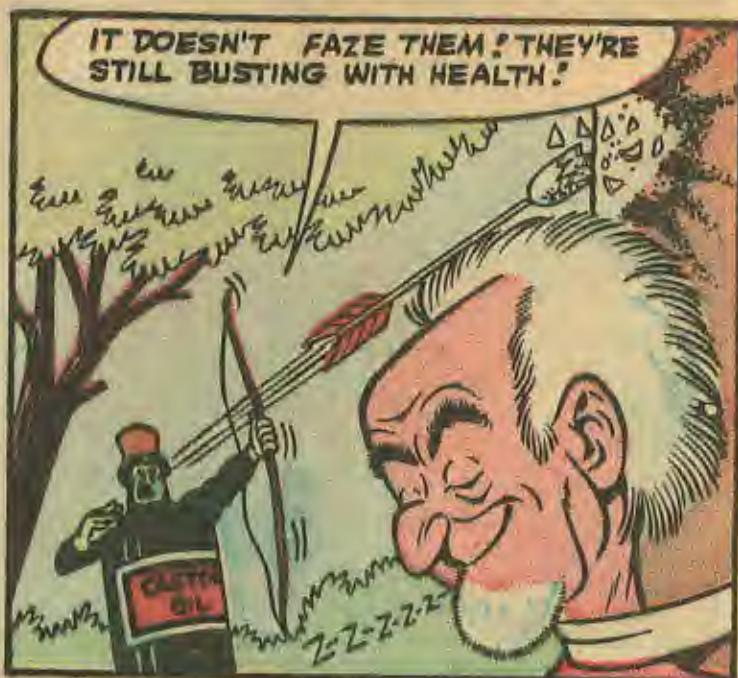
--- AND NOT A COUGH
A DROP IN THE CROWD."



IT DON'T WORK---THEY'RE
STILL HEALTHY? GIVE ME A
MORE DRASIC GERM---
LIKE PNEUMONIA?



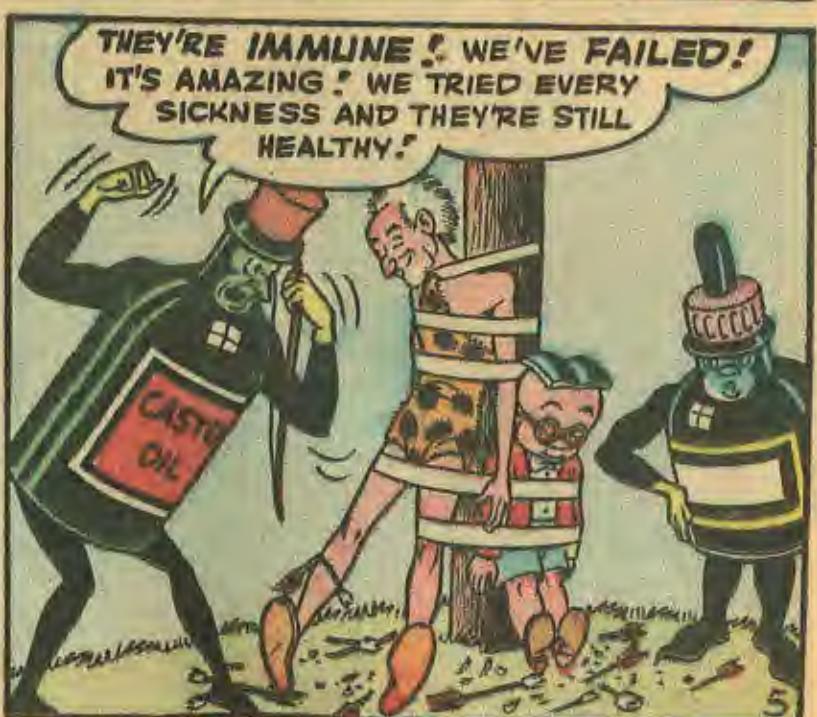
**IT DOESN'T FAZE THEM? THEY'RE
STILL BUSTING WITH HEALTH!**



**CURSES! SHOOT
ALL THE GERMS
AT THEM!**



THEY'RE IMMUNE! WE'VE FAILED!
IT'S AMAZING! WE TRIED EVERY
SICKNESS AND THEY'RE STILL
HEALTHY!



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THIS MEANS WE HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR---TRADITION SAYS WE MUST ALL JUMP INTO SULPHURIC-ACID LAKE AND END IT ALL! FOLLOW ME!



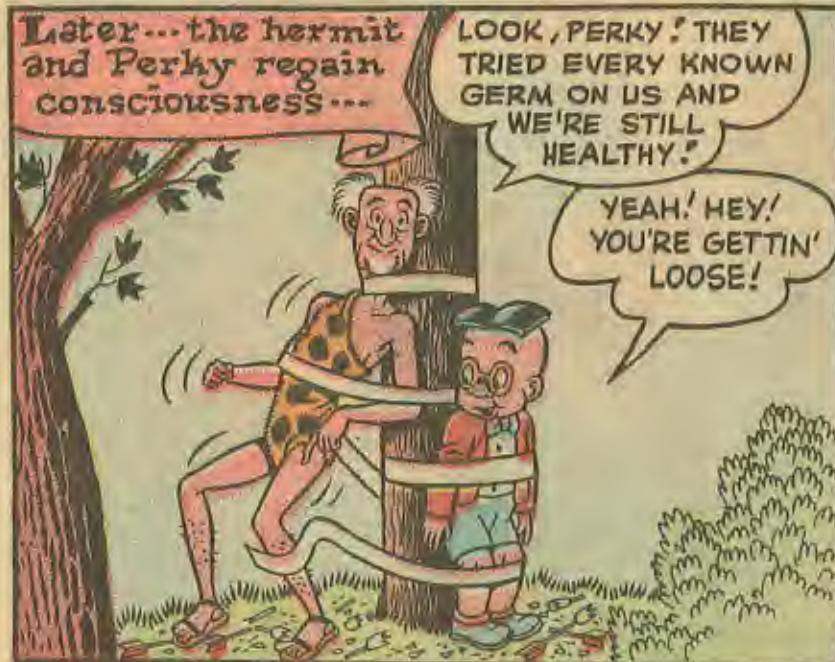
GOOD-BYE, CRUEL AND HEALTHY WORLD!



Later...the hermit and Perky regain consciousness...

LOOK, PERKY! THEY TRIED EVERY KNOWN GERM ON US AND WE'RE STILL HEALTHY!

YEAH! HEY!
YOU'RE GETTIN'
LOOSE!



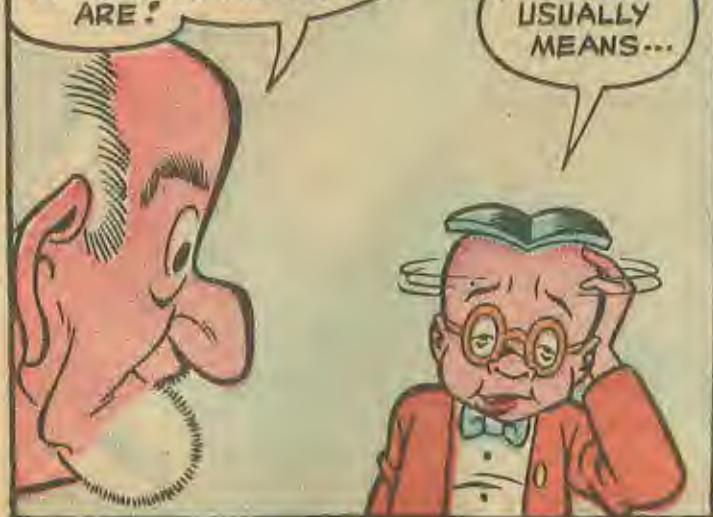
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I DIDN'T GET SICK!

IT'S SIMPLE, MR. HERMIT! PENICILLIN IS MADE FROM MOLD, AND THERE WAS PLENTY OF MOLD IN THE OLD BREAD WE ATE!



HOW ABOUT STAYING ON THIS ISLAND WITH ME, AND TOGETHER WE'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE AS HEALTHY AS WE ARE!

SORRY, BUT I'M NOT SO HEALTHY! I FEEL DIZZY RIGHT NOW, AND THAT USUALLY MEANS...



--- I'M HEADED FOR A NEW ADVENTURE! SEE ALL YOU HEALTHY PEOPLE NEXT MONTH!



OFFICER SHENANIGAN

BOY! IT'S A GOOD T'ING I'M IN SHAPE! FIVE...TEN...ELEVEN... FIFTEEN...TWENTY...NOT BAD FOR A DAY'S WOIK!

THIEF!! THIEF!!
POLEECE!!
POLEECE!!
@!!***!XX!





MADAME! LIEUTENANT O'TOOLSKI AT YOUR SERVICE! THE BRAIN POWER OF OUR FORCE! FORMERLY OF THE U.S. MARINE CANINE DOG CORPS AND HOLDER OF THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR!



AND...AND...HE WAS WEARING A LOT OF LARGE PATCHES WITH AN INTERWOVEN STITCH! YOU KNOW THE KIND, YOUR LORDSHIP! HE WAS HEADIN' SOUTH AT ABOUT FIVE KNOTS AND...AND...



WELL! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, GRAMMA! ON CASES LIKE THIS...THE LIEUTENANT PREFERENCES WORKIN' WITH THE LONE WOLF TECHNIQUE! YUH GOTTA HAND IT TO THOSE MARINES!



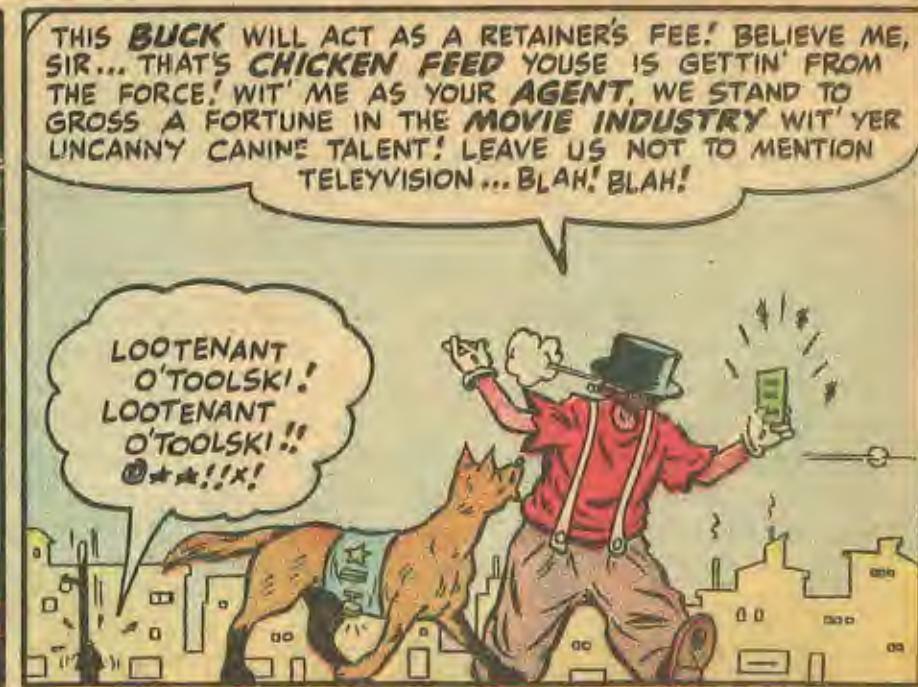
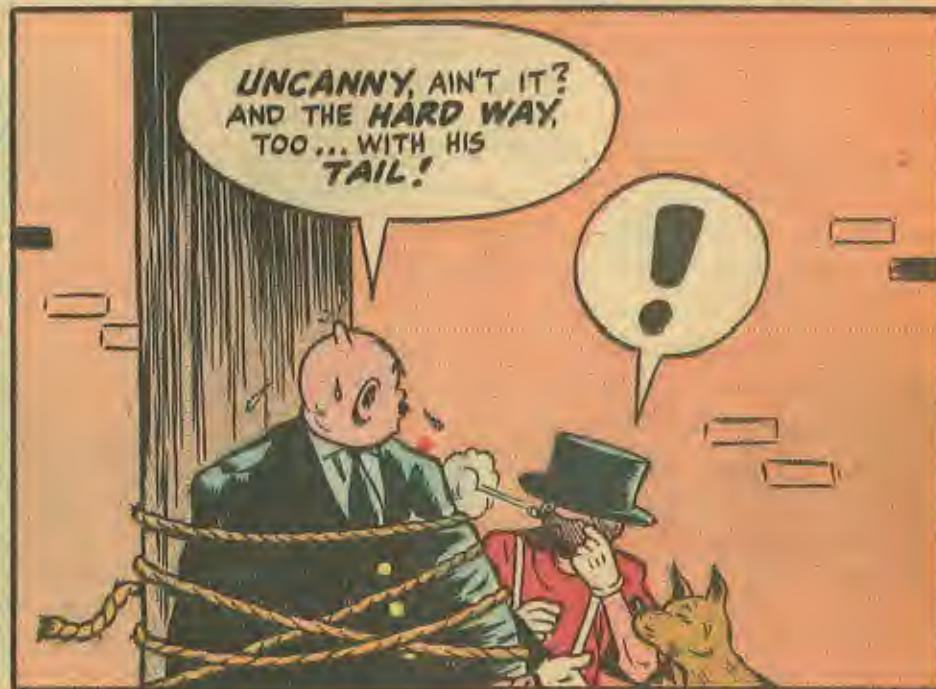
TWO JET PROPELLED SECONDS LATER...



THAT BARK MEANS THE LIEUTENANT WANTS THAT WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIM!



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HOLLYWOOD

AROUND Hollywood, they don't say the house is 'haunted.' That's going a bit too far. They simply say it is a most unusual house.

It's a colossal house, too; thirty-five rooms make it so. And it's surrounded by a ten-foot wall, flanked by tall eucalyptus trees.

This house perches above The Strip in west Hollywood—a swank neighborhood. But it was only wild oat fields when the house was built, back in the days when silent movie stars lived at the ancient Hollywood Hotel.

The years have passed over this house without leaving a scar; it's well built. They have only given it character—and a reputation.

Once huge parties and balls were given there, when the owner and builder, a strange woman from New Orleans, was a reigning belle. But at her last party the woman mysteriously vanished, and was never heard of again.

The real estate agent led Martha and Dr. Roberts around to the rear of the house, pointing out the waving poinsettias as he went, the flower beds, the fountains.

"It's lovely," said Martha. "Oh, let's take it, dad!"

Dr. Roberts smiled indulgently. "Along with its ghost?"

"But yes! That makes it all the more desirable."

The agent cleared his throat. "Ah, that haunted stuff! Old houses just seem to gather those things, don't you think?"

Martha looked at the man. "Don't you think it's haunted?"

"Positively not. An amusing legend, that's all."

"Now what do you say, Martha?" asked the doctor.

"I'd rather think it's haunted," said Martha. "Do take it, dad."

And so in due time the Roberts came into possession—for a few months—of Hollywood's famous haunted house. It didn't take Dr. Roberts long to fit up a laboratory and get to work. Martha roved through the many empty rooms, half-believing the legend that shrouded the old place.

What had become of the vanished lady?

The haunted house was high enough above

the Strip so that little traffic noise penetrated the thick stone walls. The broad gardens and lawn surrounding it blanketed all other sounds. There was a perpetual quiet about the place. Dr. Roberts liked this, but Martha thought it a little depressing. She was musing over it in her own room when the phone rang. It was Darrel Dane.

"Hello, Martha," he said. "How do you like the haunted house? Seen any ghosts?"

Martha laughed. "Not yet. But probably we will tonight. That's when ghosts flit about."

"I won't be able to get over tonight," Darrel told her. "Tied up. But I'll see you tomorrow for a swim in that fancy pool."

The Roberts had been unable to hire anyone as cook or maid, so Martha set about preparing the evening meal. Later she carried the dishes into the huge dining hall that has often seated a hundred guests.

Dr. Roberts took his place at the head of the long table and grinned down at Martha, seated at least twenty feet away.

"We'll have to shout at each other," he said. "Well, how do you like it?"

"I love it," Martha said. "Real feudal castle."

There were several giant suits of steel armor standing around the dining hall; war axes and maces adorned the walls. As they were eating their dessert, one of the axes fell from the wall with a terrible clatter. Martha jumped. Dr. Roberts, startled momentarily, laughed.

"You see," he said. "It's started already. Now what do you suppose caused that ax to fall?"

"Spooks, mebbe."

Roberts strode over to where the ax had fallen. It was a heavy weapon and had stuck into the thick floor boards. He tried to pull it out. An eery voice came from the wall:

"Hah! Ha-ha!" A crazy laugh followed. It grew in volume, seeming at last to come from every portion of the wall, until the whole room was filled with the maniacal laughter. Martha looked pale and scared.

"My gosh," she said, when the laughter had stopped. "Wh-what was that?"

Dr. Roberts was just as startled. "I don't understand," he said. "It was certainly uncanny. I don't know how to account for it."

Sibilant whispers followed them along the

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great hall to the livingroom. It was like the whirring of soft wings, Invisible birds of prey swooping on their victims, their wings whispering. At least Martha built up such a picture in her mind.

The livingroom was enormous, with a yawning fireplace. The ceiling was two stories high, beamed in black wood. Heavy silk paneled the walls. With almost bated breath, Martha and her father sank into soft chairs near the fireplace and looked at each other.

"Well," said Roberts with a grin.

"Well," repeated Martha without a grin.

"You frightened?" asked the doctor.

Martha shook her head. "Not much."

"Darrel coming over?"

"No," said Martha. "Had to work. Wish he would come."

Doctor Roberts got up and yawned. "We've had a pretty strenuous day, baby. Maybe we'd better retire."

Martha nodded and got up. "Yes, I guess so."

They went up the broad staircase and down a long hall, each stopping at connecting doors. "Goodnight, child," said Roberts, opening the door.

"Night, dad," said Martha, going in her door.

Now, at this point it should be routine for those two to start seeing their ghost. But they didn't. The night was unbroken by any appearances.

Toward midnight, Martha awoke, thinking she had heard something stealthy. She sat up in bed and listened. Yes. It was faint music, coming from very far away. She thought that it might be a street band; then remembered that Hollywood didn't go in for such things. She got up quietly, went to a window and listened. The outside night was utterly quiet.

But she heard the faint music.

As she stood there listening, she saw her father's head poke out of his open window. She called softly to him.

"I hear it, Martha. What is it? Doesn't seem to be coming from outside."

"No." Martha strained her ears. The music seemed to be getting nearer. Now it seemed to be coming from the wall. She raced across the room and opened her door. The music stopped. Or not quite. It came faintly. Her father came out into the hall.

Together the two walked slowly the length of the hall. They still heard the music. They retraced their steps and went down stairs. The music was still present in the house.

"It has me beat," said Dr. Roberts. "It seems to come from every direction at once."

"Listen!" cautioned Martha.

Someone was walking toward them with measured footfalls. Roberts snapped on the downstairs lights. They could see no one; but the footsteps came on toward them. Martha cowered, grasping her father.

"Whoever it is, is invisible," she babbled.

"Who is it?" demanded Roberts.

The footfalls grew louder. Now they seemed to pass right between father and daughter! Gradually the steps faded into the distance; then peal after peal of crazy laughter echoed through the house. Martha nearly fainted. Roberts led her to a chair just as the front door chimes announced somebody at the door.

Roberts found Darrel Dane on the porch and soon told him what had happened. After greeting Martha, Darrel made a quick survey of several rooms, at last finding a small trapdoor leading into the wall of the livingroom. He pried it open. A cool draft caught him. He snapped on his flash, raked the interior, finding it a tunnel-like passage covered with dust—but with newly-made tracks of a man!

Darrel ducked into the trap and pulled it shut. And now he willed himself to become the invincible Doll Man, crime buster extraordinary. By concentrating the molecules of his body, he shrunk to a tiny mite scarcely a foot high. And in this guise he raced along the inner corridor. It led to a fairly large room. A man sat in this room before a radio mike and several buttons, from which led a tangle of wires.

The Doll Man grinned to himself and made a strange noise. The man whirled around, saw the tiny man and with a burst of speed hurled himself across the room to a door, through it, and was gone.

The Doll Man examined the room. It was fixed up with several sound devices like those used in motion pictures.

"Sure," said the Doll Man. "This guy is a sound mixer at some studio and has been having some fun at the expense of people who lease this house. Hmm, I'll go back now and relieve the Roberts' minds. . . No, wait."

The Doll Man willed himself back to normal size and the person of Darrel Dane. Then with a few jerks and pulls he rendered the 'ghost' machine harmless.

"Hello, Martha," said Darrel as he came out into the living room again. "Your 'haunt' is gone. Not very romantic—just some movie sound man's idea of a joke."

That's Hollywood.

RUSTY RYAN



Farewell to Patty Dexter....

GOO'BYE, MISS PATTY! AH HOPE WE MEETS AGAIN, BUT AH HAS MAH DOUBTS!

YOU'RE CERTAINLY A PESSIMIST, PIERPONT! WE WON'T BE GONE THAT LONG!

RUSTY, WHY CAN'T I GO WITH YOU?

I TOLD YOU, PATTY, THIS IS NO EXPEDITION FOR A WOMAN! WE'RE GOING TO EXPLORE THE INTERIOR OF STING RAY ISLAND AND IT MAY BE HAZARDOUS!

I'LL MISS PATTY!

SO WILL I, ALABAMA, BUT WE COULDN'T SUBJECT HER TO THE DANGERS WE MAY HAVE TO FACE!





FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



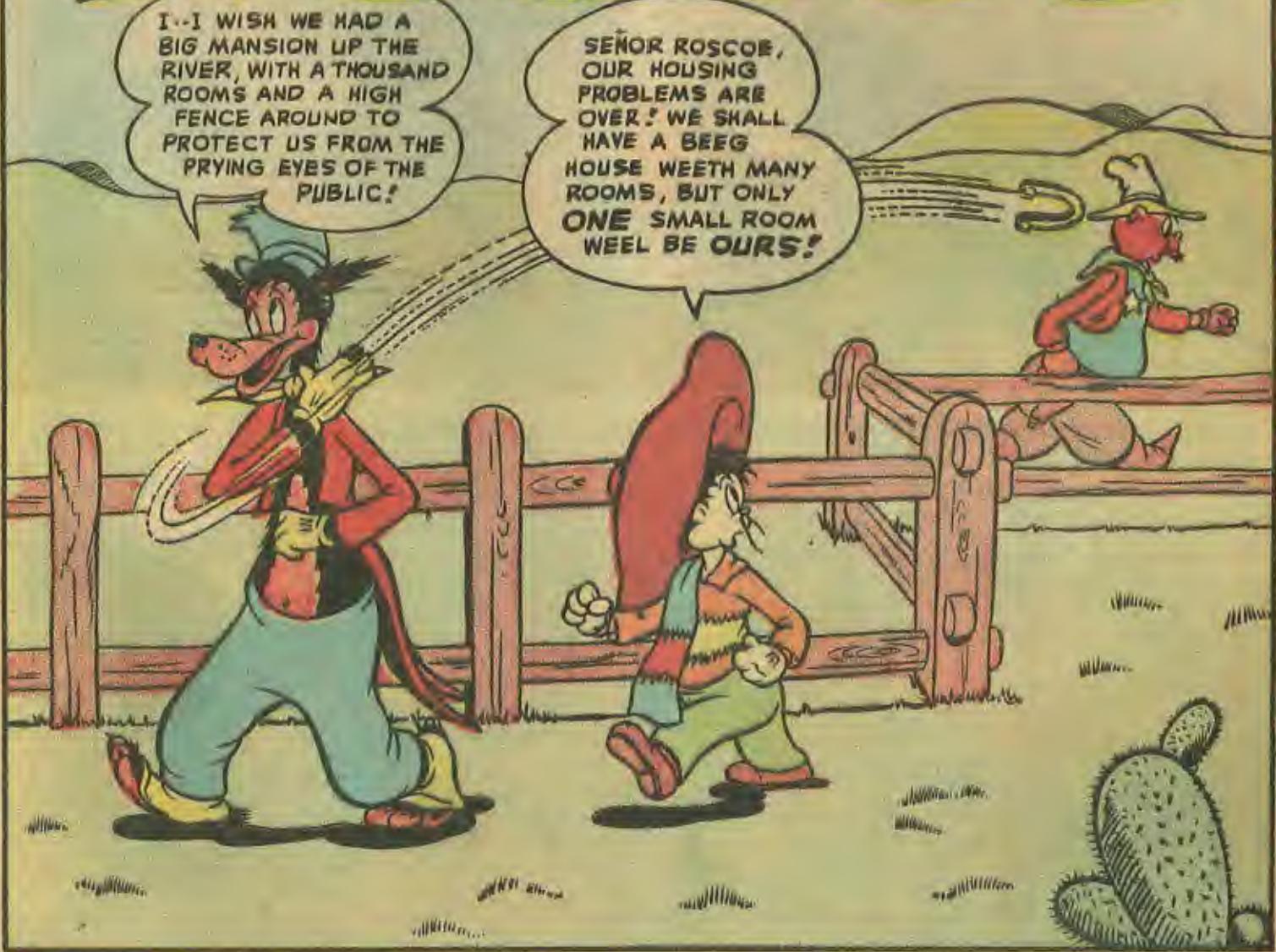
FEATURE COMICS



ROSCOE

I-I WISH WE HAD A BIG MANSION UP THE RIVER, WITH A THOUSAND ROOMS AND A HIGH FENCE AROUND TO PROTECT US FROM THE PRYING EYES OF THE PUBLIC!

SEÑOR ROSCOE, OUR HOUSING PROBLEMS ARE OVER! WE SHALL HAVE A BEEG HOUSE WEETH MANY ROOMS, BUT ONLY ONE SMALL ROOM WEEL BE OURS!



WELL, EL POPO? AS USUAL WE ARE WITHOUT THE THREE F'S --- FOOD, FAME AND FORTUNE!

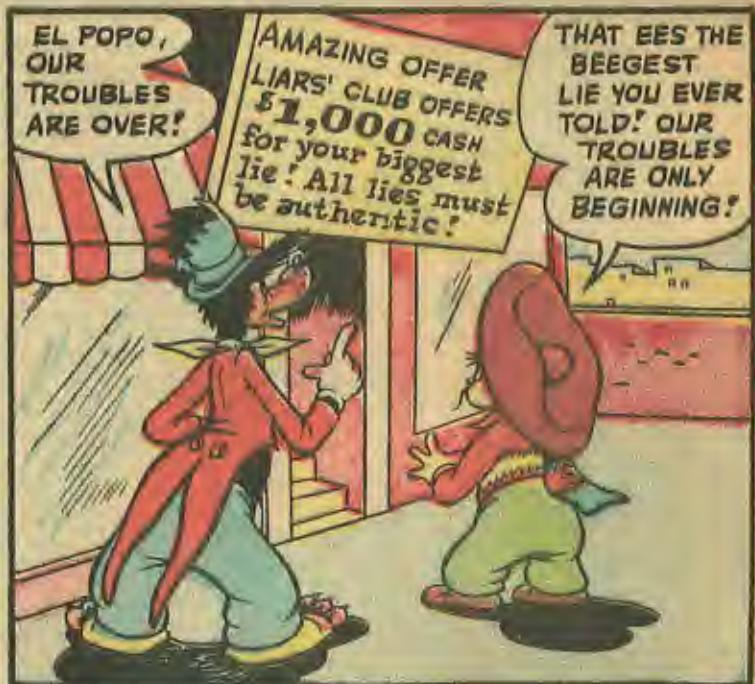
ALSO, WE ARE HONGRY, UNLUCKY AND BROKE!



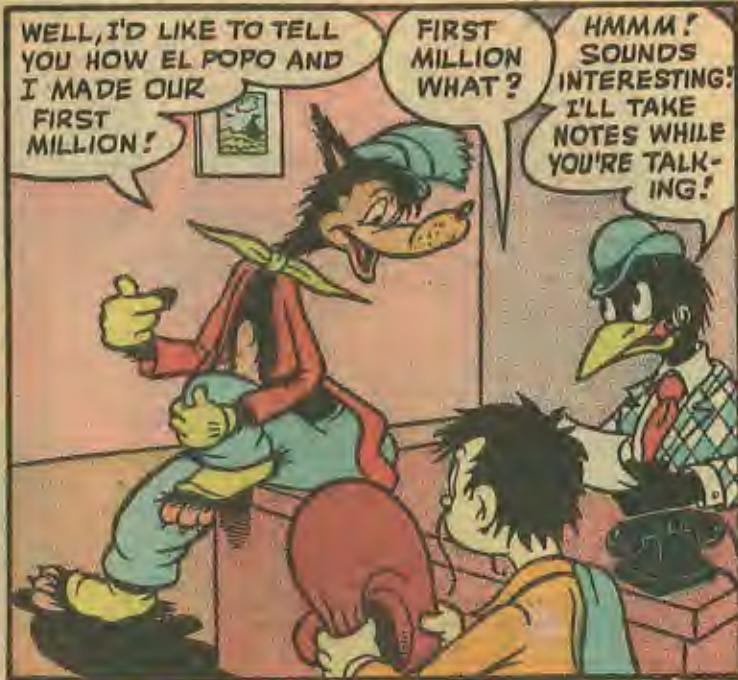
EL POPO, OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

AMAZING OFFER LIARS' CLUB OFFERS \$1,000 CASH for your biggest lie! All lies must be authentic!

THAT EES THE BEEGEST LIE YOU EVER TOLD! OUR TROUBLES ARE ONLY BEGINNING!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

WELL, THAT'S THAT! I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T WIN! IT WOULD HAVE MADE PLUTOCRATS OUT OF US --- AND SNOBS, BESIDES!

SI, AND WE WOULD BE LAZY FROM OVER-EATING! HOW REVOLTING! ?SNIFF?

WH---? EL POPO, WE'RE RICH?

A BONANZA! QUEECK! FILL YOUR SHOES AND STOCKINGS!



OH, BOY! FIRST WE'LL BUY A RANCH, THEN WE'LL GET A YACHT AND LATER----

NO, NO, SEÑOR ROSCOE! FIRST WE EAT, THEN WE BUY A RESTAURANT!

WE'RE BEING VERY STUPID! ACTUALLY, WE SHOULD CONVERT ALL THIS CHANGE INTO SOMETHING SMALLER!

GOOD! LET US FIND A SMALL BANK WHERE EET WEEL BE SAFE!



PSST! C'MERE, BUB! I GOT A MILLION-DOLLAR PROPOSITION, STRICTLY FOR INTELLIGENT CITIZENS LIKE YOU!

PAY NO ATTENTION, SEÑOR ROSCOE! REMEMBER, WE ARE NOT CITIZENS! WE ARE PEDESTRIANS!

HERE IT IS, BUB! PURE, SOLID GOLD! GUARANTEED TO BRING LUCK! WHADDAYA SAY, BUB? MAKE AN OFFER!

JUST THE THING WE'RE LOOKING FOR! WAIT JUST A MINUTE

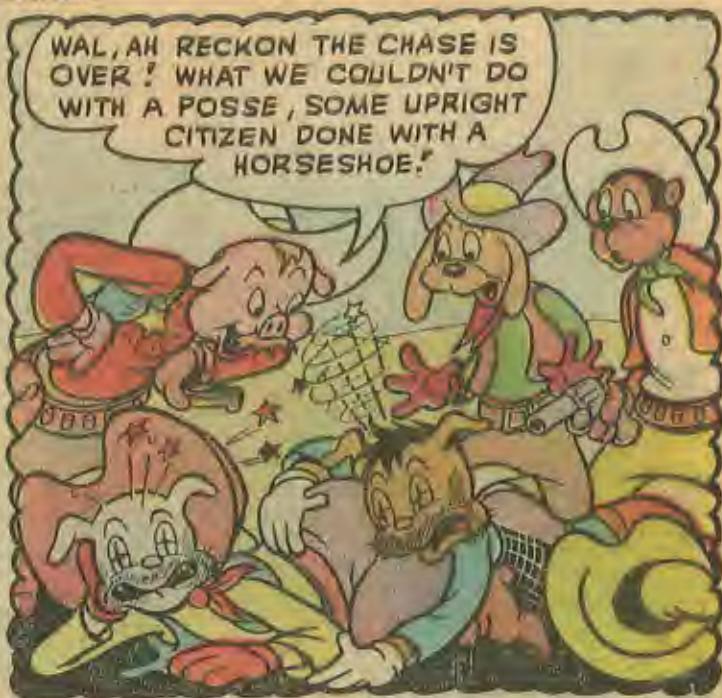
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THE GOLD IS WORTH TWICE AS MUCH AS THESE BAGS OF SILVER DOLLARS, AND BESIDES, IT'S LIGHTER!

SI, SI, BUT THERE ARE EIGHT HUNDRED PIECES OF SILVER, AND ONLY ONE PIECE OF GOLD!



FEATURE COMICS





WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!



SURE,
IT'S GOT A NEW
Bendix
COASTER BRAKE!

DAD SAYS BENDIX MAKES
BRAKES FOR CARS, TRUCKS AND
PLANES, TOO!



NO WONDER JOE'S
BIKE PEDALS EASIER,
COASTS LONGER
AND STOPS
QUICKER!



If you want the latest and finest coaster brake, be sure that your new bike has a Bendix Coaster Brake. It is made by America's leading brake manufacturer and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake!

JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

Longer life — Dependable performance —
Fewer parts — Easy to put together and
take apart — Sealed against dirt and water

LOOK
for the
NAME



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON

BILLY!
YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?

'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300

AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE

AT JONES SODA PARLOR

GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST... BOBBY

IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE, 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS - ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY ONE TO PLAY PIANO IN ONE DAY

This amazing invention fits any piano and guides your fingers through the most complicated melodies and tunes. No tedious drills or exercises. You get quick and pleasing results by following our Easy ABC PICTURE METHOD containing 25 complete lessons. And in addition there are 33 popular songs so arranged that anyone, even a child, can play them all from 4 simple chords. Now there's no need to envy your piano-playing friends. Overnight, you, too, will become the life of the party.

FREE NO-RISK TRIAL OFFER

Because of the unusual success of our exclusive method, our generous NO RISK offer must prove everything we claim or it costs you nothing. The 25 lesson ABC PICTURE COURSE with 33 SONGS ARRANGED TO PLAY FROM 4 CHORDS and the newly-invented CHORD-SLIDE DEVICE cost only \$2 complete-not a penny more to pay EVER. SEND NO MONEY. Mail the coupon to-day and when the course arrives, pay only \$2 plus the C. O. D. charges (We prepay postage if you enclose \$2). Then, if after 5 days you are not actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note, return the entire course and your \$2 will be refunded.

SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 4006 Struthers 3, Ohio

Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.

Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Sorry, no C.O.D.'s to Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS

JET-PROPELLED BIKE

FOILING The LUNATIC'S REVENGE

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO-FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?! WHY, THAT'S JUSTA MILE OR SO AWAY!

CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!

THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!

U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!

LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!

WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES -- WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD" ... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



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